

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.



THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

(PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.)

An Illustrated Magazine,

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ELEVATION OF THE YOUNG.

George Q. Cannon, Editor.

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WITH ALL THY GETTING GET UNDERSTANDING. Solomon.

PHIL. REPERBRANDUM

AMERICAN CITY

VOL. XX.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 1, 1885.

NO. 19.

A VIEW IN ROME.

IN our last number we gave a bird's eye view of modern Rome—a city that is considered the most notable of any of either ancient or modern times. The city indeed deserves to be regarded as the most celebrated one in the world. It has been in existence for more than two thousand years. During this long period it has of course gone through many changes. Innumerable events both strange and interesting have trans-

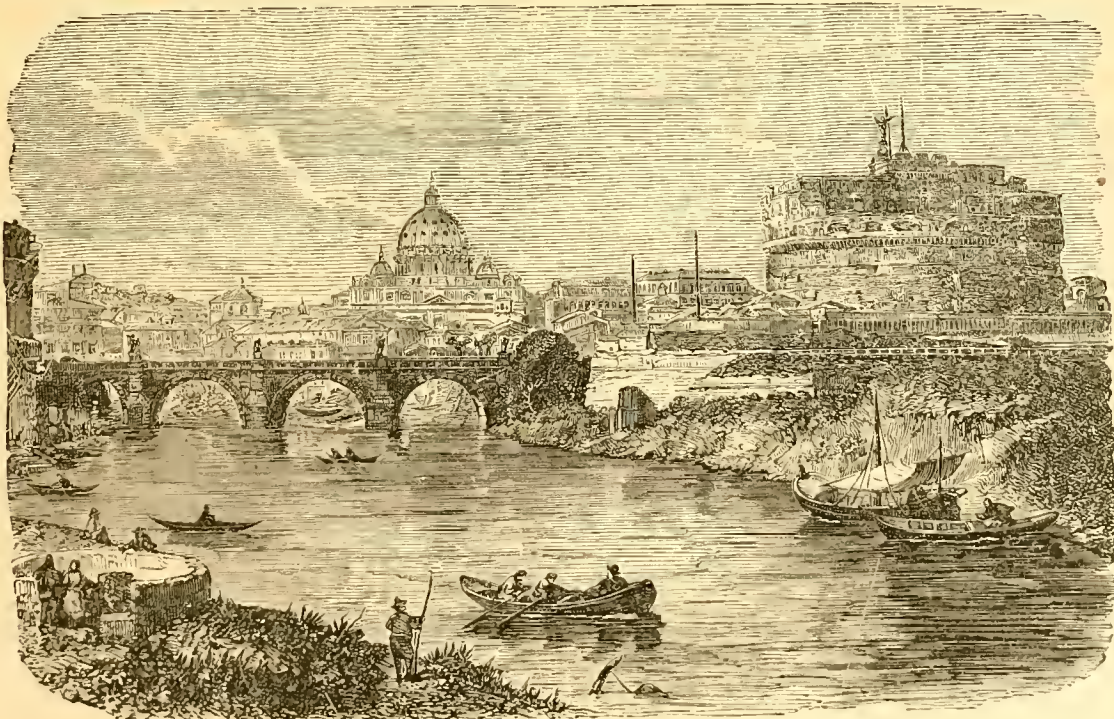
pired within its walls; scenes the most tragical and cruel the world ever beheld have also been witnessed in this great, wonderful and wicked city.

At the beginning of the Christian era it was the capital of the Roman empire—that great power that subdued the whole of the then known world. Its inhabitants and rulers at that time were well versed in the arts and sciences, as well as the vices and evil practices of civilization. During the reign of the

Cæsars the city was built up and beautified with grand and magnificent edifices, such as temples, palaces and theatres, and adorned with costly monuments and fountains. But the people were pagans, and their temples were dedicated to heathen deities, while in their theatres and at their feasts were witnessed bloody gladiatorial combats, and other vile representations of a degrading character.

Many of the ancient Roman edifices and monuments are still to be seen, some tolerably well preserved and others in ruin, in the modern city. These, with the buildings and improvements of later times, go towards making the place one of great interest to travelers and visitors.

Aside, however, from the numerous points of interest the city possesses in the shape of magnificent buildings and stupendous ruins, it affords innumerable attractions to lovers of



sculptured works and paintings to be found within the Vatican and other places is alone worth a visit to this celebrated city. The specimens of art to be seen in the city of Rome are among the most notable to be found anywhere. Within its churches and palaces can be found masterly works of art by the greatest of Italian painters and sculptors.

As it would be impracticable to describe at this time the many objects of note within the city of Rome, we will speak only of that part of the city which the accompanying picture represents, which, by the way, contains the greatest attractions to tourists.

In the foreground of the engraving is represented the Tiber river which divides the city into two parts. The bridge that spans the river at this place is that known as the Bridge of St. Angelo, and connects the main part of the city, which lies on the east side of the river, with the Castle of St. Angelo, that massive structure seen towards the right in the picture. This castle is now used as a state prison. From it there is an underground passage which leads to the Vatican, a part of which can be seen in the view here given, rising between the castle and St. Peter's Church, whose exalted dome is represented in the central background.

St. Peter's at Rome is the largest cathedral in the world. It covers in all 240,000 square feet of space, or more than one half of the ground occupied by a square block in Salt Lake City. It is 613 feet long and 286 feet wide. The height from the pavement to the top of the cross which is placed above the dome is 434½ feet. The dome itself measures 195½ feet in diameter. This immense structure was built at a cost of more than \$50,000,000. Work on it began in the year 1450, and it was not completed until 1626—176 years afterwards. The interior of this building is adorned with statuary, paintings and mosaics. The latter are designs or pictures made of small, square pieces of glass, stone or other substances, of various colors, cemented to a wall or other groundwork. The most celebrated of these represents Peter walking on the sea. It is a relic preserved among others, of an old church which once stood upon the spot now occupied by St. Peter's. The floor of the building is of differently colored marble slabs arranged in neat patterns. The church contains numerous monuments erected in memory of the popes of Rome and some of the kings of England, while beneath are buried the remains of other dignitaries.

The principal attraction in Rome at the present time is the palace of the Vatican, which is in near proximity to St. Peter's. It is said to contain 16,000 apartments. It is the residence of the pope, and possesses many features that are of interest to beholders. Some of the rooms in it present an exceedingly beautiful appearance. The walls of several of them have been decorated with fresco paintings by celebrated artists, such as Michael Angelo, Raphael and others. The library is said to be unsurpassed in beauty and extent by any in Europe, although some others have a greater number of books. Its museum of sculpture is the richest in the world. Then there are galleries of antiquities, of paintings, medals, vases, etc.

E. F. P.

JUST in proportion as a man becomes good, divine, Christ-like, he passes out of the region of theorizing, of system-building, and hireling service, into the region of beneficent activities. It is well to think well. It is divine to act well.

Horace Mann.

A SOLDIER'S ADVENTURES.

BY C. H. W.

(Continued from page 282.)

ON the seventh of May, 1849, we had a skirmish at Gudsae, the Danes retreating to Fredericia, where a continuous skirmishing was kept up from the eighth of May until the fifth of July, resulting in the loss of many a precious life. Fortifications of the strongest kind were thrown up on both sides, which indicated that some day a terrible battle would be fought there. Preparations to this end were made by both parties, and all available forces were drawn together.

On the evening of the fifth of July, we noticed the city of Fredericia becoming very lively and noisy, and it grew more tumultuous as the night advanced. Singing of war songs and the shouting of the soldiers indicated that they were freely indulging in something stronger than water.

A little before day-break, they made the attack on our works and were met with a vigorous cannonade of grape-shot, which mowed them down at a fearful rate, but the reserves kept pressing on filling up their ranks, and it seemed that nothing could turn them. In one instance that came under my observation, they took the fort with an overwhelming majority, entering by the gate. Our men were all slain but a few. These few turned the mouth of one of the cannon, which was loaded with double grape-shot, towards the gate. The moment the gate gave way, and the Danes crowded in, our men fired, making a clean sweep of everything in the way. Then they ran through the opening over the dead bodies, to a place where a train of powder had been laid, connected with a magazine under the fort. By the time this was accomplished, hundreds of the enemy had gathered in the fort. A match was put to the powder, and the scene that followed was horrible. Not a soul was saved! Arms, legs and other parts of the bodies of the victims were scattered around for a considerable distance.

A great many cavalry charges were made that day, as well as a great deal of hand to hand fighting, with the sword, the bayonet and the butt end of the gun. Every inch of ground was bravely contested and the loss on both sides was terrible. Of course our enemies suffered the most on account of the position we were occupying. We were on the defensive and they were the attacking party.

Another incident occurred to which I was an eye-witness, although not a participant. I happened that day to be detached as one of the couriers, consequently was with the commanding general on some elevated position, which by the way, is the best place in the battle. The duty of these couriers is to carry orders from the commanding general to any part of the line of battle, and is at times very dangerous.

A battery of mounted artillery, consisting of eight pieces, had been cutting their way through a grove of timber. On entering the open ground and before forming a line, the enemy mistook them for cavalry, and in a moment formed a solid square. This chance was not neglected by the commanding officer of our artillery. He immediately made a dash upon them, and when within a short distance sent a shower of grape-shot from his eight pieces into them. The slaughter was fearful, for in the confusion it took the square sometime to scatter, thus giving plenty of time to repeat the dose.

The day was full of incidents. The fight continued until late and the slaughter was great. We had to retreat for the first time since the war commenced, hence our stubbornness.

But in reality it was no victory for the Danes. Their losses were heavy. Several of their best generals had fallen, and when we gave way they were glad to let us alone, following us but a very short distance. No troops could have fought more violently than they did on that day, especially, where all the odds were against them. And let me say in connection with this that it is hard to find a nation that will do any better work in the battle-field than the Danes. They will act very deliberately and stand fire almost like trees, rooted firmly in the ground. They have only one fault, and that is, if routed once they are slow to take position again, and if the victorious party takes advantage of the situation, they can keep them on the retreat all day.

In relating these incidents that were disastrous to our foes, the reader must not imagine that our party did not meet with similar defeats, for we certainly did, and as often and disastrous. I am only telling my side of the story.

This battle was the last of the season of 1849, and it seemed that with it our good star had left us. Negotiations for peace were commenced, during which time some of our regiments went into winter-quarters at Altona, while some were stationed in other cities. The Winter was spent in the usual way. On the 24th and 25th of July, 1850, we had the first engagement of the season. Both parties suffered heavily, and on this occasion the captain of the little body of hussars I made mention of in my last, made another similar charge which terminated the same way, and cost him his life.

In this engagement I was forty-eight hours in the saddle. Two horses were shot from under me, and I was obliged to go on foot after we were beaten and had to retreat. The enemy followed us a distance of ten miles and harrassed us considerably. We were terribly used up, and I came to the strange conclusion that advancing is far more pleasant than retreating.

At one time during these two days our company, numbering two hundred men had possession of a large brick-yard, I mean an old country one, with plenty of necessary buildings on it, for brick in that country cannot be dried in the sun. We were attacked, and after a stubborn resistance, were compelled to retreat. Then we made the attack and took possession; and so it was repeated four times. At the last charge I was the highest ranking non-commissioned officer that was left, and it fell to me to take command. We retook the yard and maintained it until the whole of the army was beaten, and a general retreat sounded.

I think about seventy men were all that were left of our two hundred. The contest lasted about three hours. After the battle, I was promoted, and received a token of honor, of which I am proud to this day.

On the 8th of August, we had a skirmish at Duvendstedt and Sarrebruck; on the 8th of September, another one at Suderstapel; on the 12th of September, one near Missunder; and on the 29th of the same month, one at Touning.

The next battle, and the last one of that war, was a charge on the city of Fredrickstadt, situated in a marsh on the river Eider.

The Danes had had thirteen weeks time to fortify the city and had done it most effectually. We besieged the place for seven days, keeping up a constant cannonade at their works.

Our company was stationed all this time with a battery of artillery and were constantly exposed to the shells of the enemy. For protection we would get into ditches waist-deep in water.

On the morning of the seventh day, we were released to have a chance to dry our clothes and rest a little. It was my birthday, the 5th of October, and I had made up my mind to

have a good time that evening with a few of my particular friends. Just as we were getting ready to sit down to supper, an alarm was sounded. Of course, everything had to be left in order to be on time at the place of gathering. A charge on the city had been agreed upon by our commanders, and we were ordered in quick-time to the front to act as flankers to one of the storming columns.

The night was dark, but at and around Fredrickstadt it was light enough. Fifty pieces of battery had bombarded the city and set it on fire. Several wooden steeples of churches were ablaze, rockets were sent up constantly, and a person could easily see to read within a mile of the town. Shells were filling the air with their tails of fire until they exploded, and on the ground could be seen a steady glimmering of musketry fire.

Several columns were formed for the attack; several charges were made without success, and after very heavy loss and hard work, we were compelled to give it up. It was then about two o'clock in the morning. A more grand and awful sight cannot be imagined than was this night's work of destruction. I shall always remember that birthday of mine. This was the winding up of hostilities. Prussia and Austria compelled us to lay down our arms and accept the terms they chose to make with Denmark in our behalf, by sending a hundred thousand men into our country.

I well recollect how I felt. Death would have been preferable to the majority of us. We felt disgraced and betrayed by our own countrymen; and it seemed as though we had nothing left to live for. Under this feeling, after we were discharged, a great many of our men enlisted under the Brazilian government, which had by permission, established a recruiting office in Hamburg and other places. Prussia was very glad to have all liberal-minded men leave the country.

My captain and I also enlisted, he as major and I as first lieutenant. But my father, finding out my design, entreated me to desist, which I did; for which I am to-day more thankful than I was at the time.

(To be Continued.)

LUCK AND LABOR.—If the boy who exclaims, "Just my luck!" was truthful, he would say, "Just my laziness!" or "Just my inattention!" Mr. Cobden wrote proverbs about "Luck and Labor." It would be well for boys to memorize them:

Luck is waiting for something to turn up.

Labor, with keen eye and strong will, will turn up something.

Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy.

Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck whines.

Labor whistles.

Luck relies on chances.

Labor, on character.

Luck slips down to indigence.

Labor strides upward to independence.

HE who is taught to live upon little, owes more to his father's wisdom than he that has a great deal left to him does to his father's care.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE is no topic of such exciting interest just now as the conduct of the courts in the prosecution of cases of plural marriage. I cannot say that I regret the condition we are in. It is not one of unmixed evil. True, it is in many respects painful. It is not pleasant to be confined in prison and be forced into the companionship of vile criminals, to be under the authority of inferior men who are clothed with a little brief power. It is not pleasant to be under bonds to answer the charge of breaking the Edmunds law; with the almost complete certainty of merely having a farce of a trial previous to being sentenced to the penitentiary. It is not pleasant to have to keep concealed to avoid arrest. None of these positions is pleasant even to the most innocent. But I repeat, nevertheless, that these circumstances, though painful and unpleasant, are not altogether evil and only to be regretted. They are having one most excellent effect upon our community—they *make the people think*. Whatever leads to this is not to be deplored and viewed as an affliction or a misfortune.

Our enemies have accused us of being led by the authorities of the Church; they have said that they have done the thinking for the people. This can be said with less truth about the Latter-day Saints than about any other people. If they had not been a people of independent thought and remarkably firm, they never would have been Latter-day Saints. But it is true that the people have great confidence in their leaders. And have they not had good reason for this confidence? With such experience as the Latter-day Saints have had, and the testimonies they have received concerning the divinity of their doctrine and their Church and its Priesthood, it could not be otherwise. A time has now come, however, when men are called to think and act for themselves to an extent not known among us since we started into the wilderness to find a new home and gathering place. Many are brought into a position where their decision as to what they will do or not do involves very grave consequences. We have seen this illustrated in several cases before the courts. The conduct of some men have been most heroic. Every right-feeling man and woman in the community has felt proud of them and been strengthened by their words and demeanor. In other cases they have felt chagrined and mortified at the manner in which men have paltered and shrunk and shown craven fear at the prospect of imprisonment in the penitentiary.

The people, in looking at these occurrences, have been compelled, by their very nature, to reflect upon them and speak about them. Discussions have arisen respecting the right and wrong of such actions. The doctrines which are in question have been argued as never before. The views and feelings of many people, which have been quite plastic upon these disputed points, have, under the influence of persecution, become crystallized. Upon the young especially the effect of these persecutions has been to force them to conclusions which they might not have reached in years of ordinary life. Even children, who might not be expected to reflect much upon such topics, or to be decided in their views concerning them, show by their expressions that their minds have been exercised, and that the excitement around them has not been without its effect even upon them. I have not had the opportunity, since this raid commenced, of traveling to a very great extent among the people, but I am convinced, from my observation

where I have been, that many young people, through their reflections and the influence of the Spirit of God upon them, have reached a condition of positive conviction respecting the doctrine of plural marriage. They are firm believers in its rightfulness and divinity. One other result, also, I have noticed among my friends, that men who have plural wives never were more tender in their feelings for them, nor never felt a stronger love and sympathy for their families, than they have done since these attacks have been made. I have noticed the same effect in families, also. The wives and children of men who have been attacked manifest a greater solicitude for, and a greater love and devotion to their husbands and fathers than they ever exhibited before.

Such events as have taken place among us during the past ten months stir people up from the depths of their hearts, and bring to the surface many good qualities which might under ordinary circumstances be concealed. So also, on the other hand, if there is a disposition to be untrue or to betray, these ordeals are apt to bring that disposition to light. To the praise, however, of the women of this community it should be said that they have exhibited a courage, a devotion, and a spirit of self-sacrifice that has been most admirable, and which, I am sure, will call forth the approval of heaven. I might relate many instances that have come to my knowledge which show the fidelity and the unbounded love of women for their husbands, and their willingness to suffer in any form, if by so doing they could save their husbands.

Shall we not, then, recognize the hand of God in these events that are now taking place? Shall we not seek to comprehend the design that He has in view in permitting such a condition of affairs to exist? Will we not know ourselves much better after having passed through such ordeals, than we did before encountering them? Will not the confidence of men in their wives and women in their husbands, where they prove faithful, be wonderfully strengthened by these trials? Undoubtedly these results will follow, and they will have their effect upon the community. Every man who goes to prison, and does so in the right spirit, is an example to the rising generation, and when they reach manhood and womanhood, inspired by these examples, they will in their turn show that heroism and devotion to the truth.

As to which course is right for men to take there is no difference of opinion among true Latter-day Saints. Every man, woman and child in the community, who is living according to the spirit of the gospel, comprehends intuitively that which is right, and can pronounce judgment upon that which is wrong. The power to do this is increasing, also. People who exercise their own powers of thought learn to think correctly and soundly upon such subjects as are now presented before them. One thing is clear: no man need expect to have influence among the Latter-day Saints, who endeavors by any kind of subterfuge to escape the consequences, before the courts, of his obedience to the law of God. He may deceive himself, or he may deceive the court, but he cannot deceive the people of God. They weigh men in a light furnished by the Spirit of God, and their conclusions, when all the facts are before them, are never far from right. There is but one course that, as a people, we can pursue with safety, and that is to cling to the truth and obey God with perfect trustfulness. The world may threaten, as it has done, and it may seem sometimes as though there was no escape for us from destruction. There have been many such times in the history of this dispensation. There will, doubtless, be many such times in the future. But God will not desert His people, neither will He forget His promises.

The case of Bishop John Sharp, recently before the court, is one that has excited considerable interest and created a profound sensation in the community. Yet the majority of the people of the Church, no doubt, take a correct view, and have come to correct conclusions respecting this case. It is apparent to them, as it is to every one who reflects upon this subject, that if all the members of the Church who have plural wives were to do as he has done there would be a complete surrender of the principle, and it would be virtually abandoned. Whatever reasons he may have had for taking this course, one thing is certain—that the great bulk of the men who have plural families cannot do as he has done, unless they break their covenants—covenants made in the presence of God with their trusting wives.

BOYS' NOTIONS.

BY W. J.

BOYS have their notions, and it is their privilege to have them. They have the right to think, to reason, to plan, and to make their calculations. It is well for them to exercise the powers of their minds in a proper direction, for the mind-work is good, although only a soap bubble which is soon punctured and exploded may be the result. Their seniors build no more substantial air-castles sometimes; but it is their privilege to think out, to plan, and to arrange something more enduring than the ephemeral soap-structure, and sometimes their ideas and notions are very good when age and experience are taken into account.

Here are some boyish ambitions in poetic form:

"I'll be a soldier when I'm a man!"
Cried Jack, with a tum-tum-tum
On the battered sides of his old tin pan—
A taste of the future drum.
'But I'll be president. People say,'
Said Johnny, with eager eyes,
'He's nothing to do but sit all day
And try and look grand and wise.'
But Tom—a baby of five was he—
Had settled it long before;
'When I'm grown up, I'm going to be
The man in a candy store.'"

And here are other boyish notions worth reading:

"I'm a boy 'bout as high as a table;
My hair is the color of flax;
My name isn't Shakspeare, nor Milton,
Nor Byron, nor Shelley, nor Saxe.
By-and-by it will be 'Mr. Daniel,'
They all call me now 'little Dan';
I'll tell you in rhyme what I fancy
Will happen when I am a man.

"I'll have a big garden for peaches,
And cherries, and everything nice;
With the cutest of fixings for rabbits,
And pigeons, and dogs, and white mice.
I'll have a big house, and a stable;
And of horses the handsomest span
That ever you feasted your eyes on,
'Tis likely, when I am a man.

"A cane I will twirl in my fingers,
A watch-guard shall garnish my vest,
No fear of expense shall deter me,
My raiment shall be of the best.

A ring on my finger shall glisten,
And the cunningest, sleek black-and-tan,
Shall trot at my heels as I travel,
I'm thinking, when I am a man.

"No poisonous drinks will I swallow,
From foul smelling pipes I'll be free,
My nose wasn't made for a chimney,
No snuffing or chewing for me.
Now my soul I'll possess with great patience,
And as well as a little boy can
I will set them a better example—
Won't I lecture them when I'm a man!

"I'm a boy, so there's no use in talking;
People snub me as much as they please;
For the toes of my shoes are of copper,
And my stockings come over my knees.
I've told you the whole of my story,
As I promised to when I began;
I'm young, but I'm daily a-growing—
Look out for me when I'm a man."

Dr. Livingstone, the great African missionary and explorer, when he was a boy of ten years, was sent to work at a cotton factory near Glasgow, Scotland, and he also had his notions and desires. "With a part of his first week's wages he purchased a Latin grammar, and began to learn that language, pursuing the study for years at a night-school. He would sit up studying his lessons till twelve or later, when not sent to bed by his mother, for he had to be up and at work in the factory every morning by six o'clock. In this way he plodded through Virgil and Horace, also reading extensively all books, excepting novels, that came in his way, but more especially scientific works and books of travel."

He studied botany. He carried on his reading and studies while he was at work, placing his book on the spinning-jenny in such a position that he could catch a sentence at a time as he passed it. In this way he persevered and acquired much useful knowledge. As he grew older he desired to become a missionary to the heathen, and to accomplish this he worked as a cotton-spinner a part of the year, and then attended medical and Greek classes, and divinity lectures, during several winters, economizing his hard-earned means to sustain him while doing so, acquiring, in time, a fine education, without financial aid from anyone.

Now, you see, boys, Livingstone differed from many boys of his age. Instead of buying a Latin grammar, or any other useful book, many would have thought more about buying marbles, or balls, or toys of some kind. But what did Livingstone become? And what kind of men will boys become if they think of nothing but the nonsense, the sports, the follies, and the fashionable vices of the age and country in which they live? It may not be reasonable for boys to think as soberly, nor as seriously, nor as deeply as men, but they can think, consistently with their age. As they advance in their teens, it is their privilege, and it is their solemn duty, too, to study themselves; to learn their own inclinations and desires; to learn the laws God has given for the government of their whole beings; to shun the company of the wicked; to heed the wholesome advice of their parents and other good men and women; to map out for themselves, assisted by the advice which cometh of experience, and by the light of heaven within them, an honorable course of life, such as they can be proud of and the Lord can approve; and then bend their energies to work out the plan, improving it as they can, and doing all things under the guidance and subject to the over-rulings of a divine providence; and the results they can meet with joy in this life and in that which is to come.

INFLUENCE OF ASSOCIATION.

BY W.

WHILE laboring in England as a missionary, I was placed in a very good position to learn the great effects that association has upon the minds and characters of individuals, in shaping their opinions, controlling their actions, etc.

One of our chief duties while spreading the gospel among the people, was to teach those who had embraced the truth the doctrine of the gathering, and to encourage them to save their means, and use every possible effort to get to Zion. Most of those who get the spirit of the work are only too anxious to gather with the body of the Church, for after tasting of the joys of the gospel they soon discern that the world and its association has no further attractions for them. But desirous as they may be to leave the land of their nativity for the gospel's sake, there are many obstacles in their way. The Saints are generally poor and many have large families, with probably only one to provide for their necessities, so that a number of years frequently elapse before a ray of hope shines upon their path. But when an opportunity comes for their deliverance they embrace it as one of the most precious gifts they could anticipate in this life, even if it be but one member of the family, which is frequently the case. What joy fills their hearts when the father or one of the boys has the privilege of gathering with the people of God, in hope of being the means of assisting the balance to follow in due course of time. For they have long learned that the society of the world is not congenial to them, and that their neighbors, shopmates and all former associates have turned a cold shoulder towards them since they have been chosen out of the world by the sound of the gospel.

I well remember an incident that occurred in the district where I labored. A young man, not twenty years of age, was selected from a family to pioneer the way to Zion. When the time came for his departure, many tears were shed by the family. The natural ties that bound them together were to be severed, and the boy, young in years, and who had never lived away from under his parents' roof, was to be separated from them by thousands of miles of land and sea. But this temporary grief was more than offset by the great joy and hope that filled their hearts, for they looked forward to him as the means of their future deliverance from Babylon.

After his departure they counted the days and the weeks until they received the first news of his arrival. The first letter confirmed their hopes. The boy told of the kind friends who met him at the depot and took him along with them to share their home. They were former acquaintances of his parents; and being faithful Saints they took him to Sunday school and the meetings where he met associates who were congenial to him, and who, like him, although not born in a foreign country, had the interest of the kingdom at heart and were laying the foundation of a useful and honorable life. Our new-comer was encouraged, and realized that he was indeed in Zion, among the people of God, and expressed himself so in his letter to his parents.

As time rolled on, they continued to receive letters, in which was manifest a growth and development in the mind and character of the boy, that was encouraging. He became a power and an attraction which seemed to draw them to him. He not only strengthened the hopes and faith of his parents by

his good reports, but imparted new impetus to the efforts of the Saints composing the little branch of which he formerly was a member.

In the course of two years, by his patient and persevering toil, accompanied with sober and frugal habits, he managed to accumulate means enough to emigrate the whole family. Who can imagine the joy and gratitude of those parents in meeting that boy! It was complete. This little incident, though not very striking, serves to illustrate hundreds of occurrences of a similar nature.

Many instances might also be produced to show the results of taking a contrary course to the foregoing. Many whose hopes and anticipations were as sanguine as were those of the parents referred to, and whose boys had aims and desires fully as good and pure, have had them blighted. They have left their homes with the same object in view. When arriving here they have met friends at the station also. But instead of being in fellowship in the Church, as they were, no doubt, when they first arrived here, they are apostates. They take a young man home, and instead of encouraging him, they poison his young and unsophisticated mind, by filling it with all manner of lies about the Church and its authorities. They find fault with everything pertaining to the Church. At first the young man may revolt at such expressions, but in time he becomes accustomed to them and begins to believe them to be true. Instead of going to meeting and being introduced into the society of the Saints, he mingles with these apostates in their society, and seeks pleasure that is not elevating. After awhile he becomes initiated into habits and practices that are unbecoming a true man, let alone a Latter-day Saint.

Being disappointed when arriving here, he hesitates in writing to his fond parents who are eagerly looking for a letter from him. Finally he writes, and instead of inspiring their hopes, he blasts them. He tells them of the wickedness that abounds here, and ridicules the idea of the place being called Zion and the people Saints. A continuation of discouraging reports from him causes the family to lose faith in the gospel. They think the things they have been told concerning Zion were only the vain exaggerations of the Elders, and were told them with a view to deceive.

I was often made to feel sorrowful when conversing with people who had thus become dissatisfied and distrustful. After considerable reflection upon this matter I came to this conclusion: that contradictory as these reports appeared, both were true. The difference of opinion was all due to the association that the persons had been thrown into. Society is a great educator. Mankind, no matter how strong they may be, are subject to surroundings. Nothing tends so much to modify their minds and direct their actions as the company they keep. It has more to do in shaping our lives and moulding our characters than any other agency we knew of. If we associate with the wicked and those who are low in their instincts, and who only seek those avocations and pleasures that gratify their baser natures, we are sure to become contaminated, to a greater or less degree according to our moral force of character or the time we continue in their company.

Next to associating with individuals is our familiarity with literature. A good advice to the youth is to always associate if possible, with those who are better than yourselves, and if you cannot associate with good and noble characters, read the biographies of great men whose lives have been famous for their honor and integrity. It will awaken your better feelings and arouse an ambition in you to be honorable citizens.

Many a bright and promising life has been made a human wreck and untold misery has been the result of evil associations, whether it be found in literature or individuals whose company we keep. We should shun these for they are enemies to our soul, and will prevent us making our lives a success, and our being in the world a benefit to it.

Stories for the Little Ones.

STORY OF THE SQUASHES.

I KNOW of two little boys, twin brothers, who are just five years old. They are so near alike that their best friends can scarcely tell them apart. Sturdy little men they are; so strong, and fair, and stout. I fancy their mother sighs often over their torn pants, their battered hats, and their spoiled boots; but for all that, they must play, and things will wear out.

One day in the fall, their papa sent up to the house a farmer's wagon full of beautiful squashes, to be put into the cellar for the Winter's use. The farmer put the squashes on the ground close by the cellar door ready for storage. But, when their papa came home, the squashes had disappeared, and he enquired who had put them into the cellar, and went down to see if they had been properly stored.

But there were no squashes there. He enquired again where they were; but no one knew. He called to the boys, who were playing horse on the sidewalk, to ask if they knew anything of the squashes. "Oh, yes!" they said, and ran to the barn, he following; and where do you suppose the squashes were? In the pig-pen—every one of them!

They had toiled and tugged, and carried every squash—and many of them were large—out there, and fed them to the pigs.

The mischief done, who could scold those two bright, hard-working men? I think their papa had to console himself with thinking if only they would work as well at something useful when they were grown up, he would forgive their rather wasteful business when they were little.

A CLEVER FOX.

ON one summer day, a man was lying under the shelter of some shrubs on the banks of a river, when he saw a large flock of ducks, which had

been made to rise on the wing by the drifting of a branch of a tree among them. After circling in the air for a little time, they again settled down on the feeding-ground.

There was a pause for a few moments, and then the same thing occurred again. A branch drifted down with the stream into the midst of the ducks, and made them take to flight once more. But when they found that the bough had drifted by, and done no harm, they flew down to the water as before.

After four or five boughs had drifted by in this way, the ducks gave no heed to them, and did not try to fly out of their way on the stream, even when they were near to being touched.

The man who had been watching all this now looked for the cause of the drifting of the boughs. At length he saw, higher up the bank of the stream, a fox, which, having set the boughs adrift, was watching for the moment when the ducks should cease to be startled by them.

This wise and clever fox at last seemed satisfied that the moment had come. So what did he do but take a larger branch than any he had yet used, and, spreading himself down on it so as to be almost bidden from sight, set it adrift as he had the others!

The ducks, now having ceased to fear the boughs, hardly moved till the fox was in the midst of them, when, making rapid snaps right and left, he seized two fine, young ducks as his prey, and floated forward in triumph on his raft. The ducks flew off in fright, and did not come back.

That fox must have had a fine dinner that day, I think. The man who saw the trick pitied the poor ducks, but could not help admiring the fox's cunning.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

ONE day, passing through a meadow, I saw a sheep much troubled by flies. Presently I saw it walk to a small pond where there were some young ducks, and stand there quietly. Soon the ducks took notice of the flies, and, coming out from the water, began snapping them up, as if to punish them for worrying the poor sheep.

This, thought I, is a clear case of putting into practice the golden rule of "Help one another." Perhaps you will say that the ducks wanted to make a meal of the flies; but I like to think that some less selfish motive was mingled with their work.

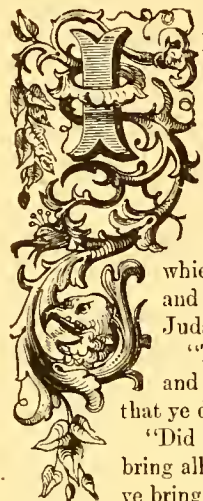
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 1, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



N those days saw I in Judah some treading wine presses on the Sabbath, and bringing in sheaves, and lading asses; as also wine, grapes, and figs, and all manner of burdens, which they brought into Jerusalem on the Sabbath day: and I testified against them in the day wherein they sold victuals.

"There dwelt men of Tyre also therein, which brought fish, and all manner of ware, and sold on the Sabbath unto the children of Judah, and in Jerusalem.

"Then I contended with the nobles of Judah, and said unto them, What evil thing is this that ye do, and profane the Sabbath day?

"Did not your fathers thus, and did not our God bring all this evil upon us, and upon this city? yet ye bring more wrath upon Israel by profaning the Sabbath.

"And it came to pass, that when the gates of Jerusalem began to be dark before the Sabbath, I commanded that the gates should be shut, and charged that they should not be opened till after the Sabbath: and some of my servants set I at the gates, that there should no burden be brought in on the Sabbath day.

"So the merchants and sellers of all kind of ware lodged without Jerusalem once or twice.

"Then I testified against them, and said unto them, Why lodge ye about the wall? if ye do so again, I will lay hands on you. From that time forth came they no more on the Sabbath.

"And I commanded the Levites that they should cleanse themselves, and that they should come and keep the gates, to sanctify the Sabbath day. Remember me, O my God, concerning this also, and spare me according to the greatness of thy mercy." (*Nehemiah xiii, 15-22.*)

We quote the foregoing passage of scripture to show how righteous men in other times looked upon Sabbath-breaking. It was then a sin against God and a violation of one of His commandments. It is the same to-day. The lapse of time has made no change in this law of the Lord. Sabbath-breaking should cease among us. Every officer of the Church, who acts as a Teacher, Counselor, Bishop or President, should see that this commandment is observed, and men should be dealt with, who violate it. Upon the rising generation especially the impression should be made that it is sinful in the sight of God to break the Sabbath. When the officers of the Church cleanse the Church from impurity by dealing strictly with transgressors, then may we, as a people, approach the Lord and ask His blessing with a faith that cannot be denied. But who can reasonably expect the Lord to bless us, if we permit Sabbath-breaking, drunkenness, profanity, whoredoms, dishonesty or any other sins to exist in the Church without rebuke or censure?

That which is needed on our part to-day, as individuals and as a people, is deep and contrite repentance. We should humble ourselves before the Lord. Officers in the Church should examine themselves and see that their lives are right and acceptable unto the Lord. Parents should examine themselves and set their households in order, and not tolerate in any form, in any person however dear to them, words and acts that are inconsistent with the profession of a Latter-day Saint.

ONE of the evils with which many of the families have to contend, in Zion, is their unfortunate connections. They, perhaps, have sons who are unfaithful, or daughters who have married improper persons, and these interfere with harmony in households. They frequently have an influence that leads to bad results, and under the best of circumstances they are exceedingly painful. Sympathies are created which should have no existence in the breasts of Latter-day Saints—sympathies for wrong doing, and a spirit to palliate and make light of transgressions which in others would be readily condemned. How many there are who manifest a disposition to cover up the conduct of members of their families, or of persons who are connected with them by friendship or blood! In some instances they wink at conduct that is most offensive to God and righteous men. They do not have the firmness necessary to treat them or deal with them as they would with other transgressors. In some instances they cover up their iniquities, and if they are spoken to about them they either defend their conduct or make excuses for it. In this way they bring themselves under heavy condemnation, and very frequently are made to mourn bitterly over their own folly.

On this account parents are held to a great responsibility. They have the control of their children when they are young. If they would devote their attention to their cultivation, to training them correctly in the principles of the gospel, the chances are more in favor of those children being faithful than they would be if they neglected them and suffered them to grow up without their parental watchcare.

In our "Topics" of last number we spoke about the evils of intermarriage. This same Nehemiah, whom we have already quoted, has some very plain remarks upon this subject. He says:

"In those days also saw I Jews that had married wives of Ashdod, of Ammon, and of Moab:

"And their children spake half in the speech of Ashdod, and could not speak in the Jews' language, but according to the language of each people.

"And I contended with them, and cursed them, and smote certain of them, and plucked off their hair, and made them swear by God, saying, Ye shall not give your daughters unto their sons, nor take their daughters unto your sons, or for yourselves.

"Did not Solomon king of Israel sin by these things? yet among many nations was there no king like him, who was beloved of his God, and God made him king over all Israel: nevertheless even him did outlandish women cause to sin.

"Shall we then hearken unto you to do all this great evil, to transgress against our God in marrying strange wives?

"And one of the sons of Joiada, the son of Eliashib the high priest, was son in law to Sanballat the Horonite: therefore I chased him from me.

"Remember them, O my God, because they have defiled the priesthood, and the covenant of the priesthood, and of the Levites."

This record shows how this servant of God felt respecting these marriages, and how plainly he foresaw the evils which result from them. The fact is, if we would be the people that God designs we should be, we must put away all associations that would wean us from the covenant, or that would have a tendency to lead our children astray.

IF we review the counsel which has been given unto us, as a people, from the beginning, and read the words of the servants of God, which have been so abundantly printed, we can form some idea of how much has been done for which repentance is needed. There is nothing connected with our organization, with our conduct, or connected in any manner with the building up of Zion, about which we have not had counsel. There has been an astonishing variety of subjects dwelt upon by the servants of God since we came to these valleys. Who can think of any subject concerning which counsel is needed where it has not been given? So if this people have not done that which God requires at their hands, it has not been because they have not been informed as to what the will of God is. We never can plead ignorance as an excuse, for knowledge has been poured upon us as a constant stream. By examining ourselves in the light of this knowledge we can see the causes we have to repent; and certainly this is a good time in which to seek the favor of God. When Jonah was sent to Nineveh to warn the people, he declared, "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown." His record says that the people of that city believed God, proclaimed a fast, and put on sackcloth, from the greatest to the least. The king of Nineveh himself laid his robe of royalty from him and covered himself with sackcloth and sat in ashes; and he published to the people:

"Let neither man nor beast, herd nor flock, taste anything: let them not feed, nor drink water: but let man and beast be covered with sackcloth, and cry mightily unto God: yea, let them turn every one from his evil way, and from the violence that is in their hands."

God saw their works and that they had repented, and He withheld from them the threatened judgment.

We serve a God who knows the hearts of His people and who has respect unto their supplications and accepts true repentance. Let every one arise, as the king of Nineveh did, and put his household in order; repent himself of everything that is evil, and call upon his household to do likewise; and in this way we shall obtain the favor of our God, and strength and grace to endure all the afflictions which the wicked may be permitted to put upon us.

ERRATUM.—The first word in the second part of the "Editorial Thoughts," in the last number, (page 280), should be *Larity*, instead of "Levity."

BUSINESS OF EDUCATION.—The business of education is not to perfect a learner in all, or any of the sciences but to give his mind that freedom, that disposition, and those habits that may enable him to obtain any part of knowledge he shall apply himself to, or stand in need of, in the future course of his life.

GIBRALTAR.

LETTER XIV.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

SOON after receiving permission from the governor to open a public place of worship, I was called upon at my residence by a policeman, and requested to call at the secretary's office. This I refused to do without being notified officially. Soon afterwards I received a polite official notice, which I answered on the following day. I was informed by the secretary that the governor had reconsidered the matter of my holding meetings and had concluded that I should neither preach nor hold meetings. It was a time of war, and he would not allow a new religion to be introduced on the rock of Gibraltar; and if an attempt to do so should be made I would be taken up by the police.

When I took into consideration that several of the brethren I had baptized upon the rock had gone into the Russian war, and that two others were about to go to Great Britain and the spirit of war that prevailed in the garrison, I felt impressed to ask the governor for a free passage to England, which, through the colonial secretary, was cheerfully granted, as I had already learned that the governor had expressed himself willing to give me a free passage on one of her majesty's mail packets, in order to get rid of one who had stirred up so much of a religious excitement.

As I could take my departure at pleasure, the steam packets plying twice a week between that point and England, some twelve hundred miles, I at once began preparations to leave the few remaining Saints under the care of a proper officer. To my surprise I was again called to the colonial secretary's office, and after going through the inquisition, because I would not compromise principle, my free passage was recinded, and I was left to depend upon the Lord to open up my way. A saying of the Savior, while instructing His disciples came to my mind:

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek): for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." (*Matt. 6:28*).

I repaired to the open sea, where I had baptized the first members of the branch, and there washed my feet and cleansed my garments as a witness before God against the cruel authorities of this strong garrison; and felt to rejoice that I was counted worthy to be cast out for the gospel's sake.

You can, perhaps imagine my condition, over eight thousand miles from home, on a little island of only three miles by one half of a mile in size, without purse or scrip and almost friendless.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

PERSONAL ORNAMENTS.

THERE are observable among humanity certain traits and customs that are not confined to a nation or race, but are to be seen among all peoples, whether of high or low degree. One of these is the wearing of jewelry and other ornaments with which to adorn and beautify the person.

Go among the wild barbarians of Africa, or the savages inhabiting the lone islands of the sea, or even in America, among our own dusky natives, and you will find this trait manifested in the way they bedeck and adorn their persons with trinkets made of glass, shell, metal or wood, and from them throughout all the grades of civilization, until we arrive at the highest standard of intelligence and culture among our own race, we will find this custom of wearing jewelry. Neither is it confined to any particular age or epoch in the world's history, as the manufacture of jewelry, no doubt, dates as far back as the discovery of metals.

The style, quality and character of these ornaments, and the mode of wearing them, forms a good index of the wealth, taste and artistic ability of the race who adorn themselves with them.

Among the uncivilized tribes, their personal adornments are in many instances hideous and unsightly. The native women of Vancouver's Island have an ugly ornament which they wear in their under lip. As the size of the ornament is gradually increased from childhood, the lips of an old woman will contain an oval ornament three inches long by two wide. There is a shallow groove round the edge so as to keep it in its place, and both sides are slightly concave. Sometimes it is used as a spoon, the woman putting on it a piece of meat that is too hot, and, when it is cool, turning it into her mouth by a contraction of the lip.

The value that is set upon this horrible, disfigurement is almost ludicrous, a woman's rank being due to the size of her lip ornament. Some of them wear a shell ornament, like the stem of a clay tobacco pipe, one or two inches long, stuck through the lip and projecting forward at a considerable angle with the chin.

In some parts of Africa, the natives exhibit some taste in their jewels and wear earrings, bracelets, etc., made of gold. The wives of the chiefs are very extravagant, however, in the use of jewelry, and would scarcely think themselves dressed unless they had gold ornaments worth about four hundred dollars. Then nobles wear on state occasions, bracelets of such weight that they are obliged to rest their arms upon the heads of little slave boys, who stand in front of them.

A tribe living near the equator, called the Bolonda seem to go more on quantity than quality in their display of metal.

The distinguished among them wear six or seven heavy, copper rings on each ankle, each ring weighing about two pounds. The gait of a rich man is therefore singularly ungraceful, the feet being planted widely apart so that the massive rings should not come in contact. This peculiar gait is much admired among them, and is studiously imitated by those who are not wealthy enough to possess rings of such weight.

Another tribe living in the same country place no value upon metal ornaments but prefer one they make from the spoils of slain monkeys. A part of the upper jaw, containing the incisive and canine teeth, is cut off, cleaned and dried; a whole row of these is then sewed on a strip of leather, each overlapping the other, so as to form a continuous band of glittering teeth.

On an island east of Australia ear ornaments are quite in favor among the natives, and some of them enlarge the hole in the lobe to such an extent that it forms a long loop, the end of which falls on the

shoulders. These natives are not at all fastidious in their taste for they wear anything in their ears from a ring of any metal, to a large leaf or a roll of bark. These natives remind us of those of the Solomon Island, near the Fiji group. Some of them make their earrings of large sea-ear shells, grinding out the middle and rounding the edges. These are hung upon an elastic hoop which depends from the ear, and which often drags it down to such an extent that the lower tips of the lobes almost rest upon the shoulders.

Many other modes of wearing jewelry, if such it can be called, might be mentioned if we had space. The women in



the engraving, which suggested the subject of this article, have rings in their noses, which is quite a modest way of wearing ornaments compared to many of the styles of personal adornment indulged in by many of the lower races of humanity. Some wear ornaments so large in their noses as to obstruct the way to their mouths. Others have the center of the nose, between the nostrils, pierced and hang therefrom a string to the end of which are fastened teeth, shells, etc.

Among the semi-civilized, jewels and ornaments exhibit considerable taste and artistic powers, and are worn in a more graceful manner.

As before stated, the origin of jewels is of very ancient date, and must have come into existence among the ancient civilized nations soon after pieces of precious metals were used as a circulating medium. A mere hole drilled through the small pieces of gold or silver, to enable them to be strung around the waist or neck, would be the first stage; then, when the ductility of the metals became known, they would be beaten probably into bands or rings, giving rise to ring money; these rings, when increased in size, would be used for the waist, neck, arms or ankles, and smaller ones for the ears and fingers. As refinement and art increased, these articles would be made more and more ornamental; and the original object of mere convenience and safety in carrying the much valued metals, would be lost in the secondary one of personal adornment. The art of the jeweler would be called into play, and the taste of the nation would be marked by the good or bad designs, in demand for this purpose. Jewels being mere articles of luxury and taste, their possession always indicates, to a certain extent, the wealth of nations.

In the South Kensington Museum, London, can be seen specimens of jewelry from ancient to modern times, arranged, as near as possible in the order of the date of its manufacture. In this collection can be seen the jewels of the ancient Egyptians, which were found in their tombs decorating the mummies of ladies of distinction. One is much impressed with the advanced state of this ancient nation by the nice art and refined taste exhibited in their jewelry. Indeed modern art, with all its wondrous advances, cannot do more than equal the exquisite workmanship of those elegant golden jewels.

There is an essential difference between the jewelry of ancient and modern times. Our jewelers depend very much upon the process of casting, drawing, stamping and other mechanical operations, and produce thereby great accuracy of outline and high finish. The ancients wrought by hammering, chasing and engraving, and depending entirely upon the taste and skill of the workman instead of the perfection of his tools, and mechanical arrangement. Consequently, their works bear the stamp of artistic productions, while modern works, however beautiful, have usually the character of mere manufactures, executed with mechanical precision rather than artistic taste.

W. J. L.

Work for the good that is highest;
 Dream not of greatness afar;
 That glory is ever the highest
 Which shines upon men as they are.
 Work, though the world would defeat you;
 Heed not its slander and scorn;
 Nor weary till angels shall greet you
 With smiles through the gates of the morn.

A FAT BOY AND THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE Baron de Lesseps, the originator and promoter of the Suez canal, though seventy-nine years old, is still young in the thoughts of grand designs and in physical activity. He brings up his children, of whom he has a large number, as the old Spartans did theirs. They go about barefooted, endure fatigue and exposure, and, though quite dirty, are never ill. M. de Lesseps had retired from a long diplomatic service in Egypt, and was engaged in farming, when one day he asked himself why the little neck of land between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean could not be dug through. He knew that the usual answer to the question had been that there were two formidable obstacles, one, the difference in level between the two seas, and the other the shifting sands of the desert, which would fill up a canal as fast as it was made. Careful observation and inquiry satisfied him that there was no great difference of level, and that stream-dredging machines could take care of the desert's sands. In 1852 he tried in vain to convince the sultan of Turkey and the viceroy of Egypt of the practicability of the canal. But his opportunity came in 1854. A writer in a London journal tells what the opportunity was.

One day that year, when he was busy on a scaffolding, looking after the building of a new house on his farm, word was brought to him of the succession of Mohammed Said to the viceroyalty of Egypt.

Said Pasha was an old friend of his. When M. de Lesseps was a consul in Egypt, Said was a great fat boy, and his father, Mehemet Ali, annoyed at seeing this fatness increase, had him put on restricted diet, and used to send him for two hours a day to walk round the city, to skip with a rope, to row, and to climb the masts of ships. The boy made friends with M. de Lesseps, and got secret meals of macaroni from his servants.

This was the beginning of a friendship which led to such memorable results; and it is a curious instance of how great things and small are interwoven in the web of life, that if Said Pasha had not been a fat boy with a severe father, M. de Lesseps' scheme might have been treated by him with as little attention as it was by the porte, and we should have had no Suez canal. As it was, he had an admirable introduction to the new viceroy, talked him out of his fears regarding the intrusion of foreign capital into his country, gained the respect of the viceroy's counselors by showing his skill in horsemanship, and finally obtained the long-desired concession on Nov. 30, 1854.

AMONG all the accomplishments of youth there is none preferable to a decent and agreeable behavior among men, a modest freedom of speech, a soft and elegant manner of address, a graceful and lovely deportment, a cheerful gravity and good humor, with a mind appearing ever serene under the ruffling accidents of human life.

THE aim of education should be rather to teach us how to think than what to think—rather to improve our minds so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

IN THE year 1790, when western New York was first colonized by white settlers, three brothers, named Clark, from Vermont, settled on a small farm in Erie County. As sawed lumber was then very scarce, they built a saw-mill on Cayuga Creek, which ran through a portion of their land, and in addition to farm labor they sawed out planks in their mill. These they floated down stream, and sold to parties who could afford the luxury of a boarded house, in place of the usual log hut with clay-filled chinks.

Their nearest white neighbor resided three miles west, down the creek, while two miles south was an encampment of ten or twelve so-called friendly Indians, who lived on the plunder they stole impartially from the settlers within a radius of twenty miles.

One Sunday in September the brothers, who usually kept the Sabbath by remaining in-doors, were startled by the barking of their dog. On going out to the door, they saw, half-way to the creek, an Indian and two squaws. The latter were carrying between them a heavy sack of corn, which they had evidently just stolen from the corn-crib near the cabin.

The two younger brothers, George and Daniel, accompanied by their dog, started at once in pursuit, while Ebenezer, the oldest, who was also the most reckless, ran back to the house for his gun.

The two white men overtook the Indians on the bank of the creek, which there sloped down almost perpendicularly for eight or ten feet. The squaws were on the point of throwing their burden over the bank when the onslaught of the dog caused them to drop it and spring behind their companion for safety.

The dog, a fierce mastiff, rushed at him and received a death blow from his tomahawk. Filled with rage, George sprang upon the Indian, and both rolled over the bank together, while the tomahawk flew from the hand of the savage a distance of several feet.

When they reached the creek-bed, which was nearly dry, the white man was on top; but he had hardly recovered his breath when the two squaws fell upon him tooth and nail, and but for the interference of Daniel, would have scratched all the skin from his face.

Daniel, having drawn the fury of the dusky ladies upon himself, was having his hands full in defending himself, when the hot-blooded Ebenezer, angered by the sight of the dead dog, leaped over the bank with a double-barreled shot-gun. At sight of him the squaws walked hastily away, but quickened their speed to a run when he fired a charge over their heads.

George's captive was then let up, and after receiving a severe admonition (of which he did not understand a word), was allowed to depart, which he did very hurriedly. The brothers then dragged the corn back to their crib, and supposed they had heard the last of the matter.

In this they were mistaken. The same afternoon, towards evening, two Indians appeared and demanded the blanket which the squaws had to carry the corn in. This was refused them, and they wrathfully departed.

The next evening, Monday, when the cattle came up from the pasture, where they roamed during the day, the "bell-ox" was not with them, and Daniel, thinking he might have become mired, started into the woods to look for the animal.

He had not gone far when he heard the tinkling of the bell. He followed the sound for a quarter of a mile. All the time

it seemed to keep about the same distance in front of him, though he increased his speed to a run.

It was becoming dark, when he was on the point of giving up the chase, as he thought no harm would come to the beast, for it certainly was not mired, when he heard a stick crack behind him. Turning quickly, he saw a dusky figure dart behind a tree.

In a moment his situation flashed upon him. The Indians had driven the ox before him to draw him into ambush, and the savage had crept up behind to cut off his escape in case of his turning back.

Unused to scenes of danger, his peril paralyzed him, but for an instant only. Then he turned to the right and made for the creek at his best speed, while two or three arrows whistled near him.

It was now quite dark, and the Indians were obliged to follow him by sound only till he reached the clearing. He looked back but once, and estimated his pursuers to be eight or ten in number.

Giving up his hopes of reaching the house, he turned towards the saw-mill. This, as well as the house, had been fitted to withstand hostile attacks, and in it there was kept a gun. He reached the mill ahead of the savages, threw open the door, shut it and slammed the bar down as the foremost Indian ran against it.

With his courage revived by comparative safety, Daniel took down the gun, which was ready loaded, and fired it in the direction of the Indians, in order to let them know he was armed.

He then felt for the ammunition in its usual place when, to his horror, he found it had been removed, and remembered he had carried it away but a few days before.

He then groped around for an ax, which he finally found, and sat down in the darkness to await developments.

Suddenly, a bright glare lit up the gloom, and he knew the savages had fired the pile of *debris* which lay close to the mill. The mill itself, though firmly built, was dry, and would burn like tinder.

It was but a few minutes before the fire reached the building.

The young man in the meantime had been lying quiet, thinking of some way of escape, though his chance of escaping seemed almost hopeless, for the place could be easily surrounded by the savages.

Nevertheless, a plan occurred to him. He was a good swimmer, and if he could only open the big gate from the flume, the water would fill up the creek-bed below in a few seconds, and he stood a good chance of being able to swim through his enemies in the confusion and darkness.

The gate was held in place by a "tail," which was kept in position by a pin driven through it. To let the water escape, it was only necessary to drive this pin out, when the gate would fall, and be carried down by the water.

The fire made it so light outside that he could not hope to drive the pin out without being seen, and his only other resource was to saw the "tail" off below the cross-bar to which he was confined.

He took a small hand-saw, which was used in the mill to even off the log butts, and leaped into the saw-pit. Here he took off his superfluous clothing, and silently let himself into the water, still holding the saw, and swam towards the gate.

He had not accomplished half the distance when he was discovered, and three or four savages plunged into the water

after him. There was no time for thought, and the young man turned, gained the saw-pit, and dove from it into the flume and under the axle of the mill-wheel.

He came up under the burning building, entirely baffling his pursuers, and ran down the creek-bed till he came opposite his brother's hut.

Between him and the hut was a stump-lot, and he carefully crawled into it, keeping on the shadowy side of the stumps (for the burning mill made it almost as bright as day). In this manner, he endeavored to reach the hut.

He had accomplished half the distance when he heard the sharp report of a rifle, and cautiously lifted his head to reconnoitre. The sight filled him with dismay, for between him and the house were five or six savages, and while he looked, a puff of smoke came from the window, followed by another rifle crack, which did not seem to have any effect. Though the Indians retreated, a few rode back.

Daniel was determined to go for help to their neighbor, Bower, down the creek, who, with his two sons, would be able to vanquish the few savages who surrounded the hut, after which it would be an easy matter to dispose of the rest.

He silently made his way to the Indian path along the Cayuga, and as soon as he got out of hearing, started on a run, which he kept up until his neighbor's farm was reached.

He found them at home, and they immediately prepared to accompany him back, and furnished him with a shot gun, their only extra fire-arm.

The four men soon traversed the three miles between the two farms, but when they reached the place, the savages had left, and the smouldering ruins of the mill were the only evidence of their visit.

Daniel found his brothers just starting to look for him. The Indians had surrounded their hut soon after setting fire to the mill, and had made several unsuccessful attempts to fire it.

The following morning, the six men made a raid on the Indian camp, but found it deserted by the savages, and occupied by a couple of half-starved dogs. Later, they received news that the same body of savages had gone through the Cayuga Valley, eastward, plundering and depredating as they went.

The Clarks did not rebuild their mill, and the removal of the ruins, but a few years since, brought to light this account of its destruction.

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

(Continued from page 278.)

ON the 12th of August, 1884, agreeable to pre-arrangements, in company with Elders W. T. Stewart, Ira N. Hinckley, Jr., and our guide, Takerei, a Maori brother, I took my departure from Taonoke, Hawkes Bay, under gratifying though peculiar circumstances.

On the morning of the above date, while we sat at the breakfast table, conversing upon various topics, three Maori women entered the room carrying mats with them, and which they presented us with, informing us that they were expressive of their love, respect and esteem for us. Each of us replied in appropriate terms, informing them that we entertained a high appreciation of their most valuable gifts, and a full recip-

rocation of all their esteem. While we were talking to them their sentiments were made more emphatic by a copious flow of tears accompanied by sobs, which gave forcible expression of an inward, sincere sorrow, impressed therein by the contemplation of our departure from them, in all probability until all mankind will be called to appear before the judgment seat of Christ to give an account for the deeds done in the body. We had come among them as perfect strangers, to teach them the way to excellency and glory. They shook off the fetters of iniquity and the shackles of sin, and yielded obedience to the gospel.

Just before mounting our horses for leaving, the Maoris sat in a row on the green grass for a farewell shaking of hands and rubbing of noses. After doing honors to those kind friends we rode out of the place amid crying and yelling. For over a mile away we could hear the moaning sound, as it died away on the morning's balmy air—*haeree rei*—meaning, "farewell: go in peace to your homes and friends."

After a twelve mile ride we arrived at Napier, a European town of some considerable proportions, situated in close proximity to the ocean. After transacting some business we journeyed northward along the ocean's beach. In the evening we arrived at a Maori settlement named Patene, where the chief of the place made us welcome by keeping us and our horses over night. Next morning, notwithstanding the rain was falling, we left Patene, traveling over a level tract of country skirting the vast ocean, which dashes angrily against the beach. Ascending a small promontory, a beautiful view of Hawkes Bay was afforded us.

Quitting this eminence and leaving the ocean we followed a small dale which led to Tongioia where we took dinner with the natives. Takerei, our Maori guide, proved of great value in causing the Maoris generally to favor us.

After dinner, our little company, swelled by twelve natives, continued its journey. The road was reduced to a trail very much broken, winding up and down precipitous hills and through deep defiles. Some of the time we traveled upon the very summits of the mountains. Towards evening, ourselves and our horses being weary, we arrived at Aropawanui, where we put up for the night. Here we were afforded the opportunity of delivering our message to many natives, who almost universally endorsed our sentiments.

Next morning our company was increased to about fifty natives, men, women and children, all on horseback. This company of natives were going to Waikari to mourn over a Maori who had met his death in the ocean, while in a state of intoxication. The gorges increased in depth and the hills in height as we traveled on. Thus making it more laborious for our horses and dangerous for us. At length, near the sea, we traveled on the tops of the mountains, which form mighty promontories whose faces seaward are made perpendicular by the action of the ocean's waves. In some places they loom up from three hundred to four hundred feet high.

Finally we neared Waikari, the place where the "tangi" (mourning) was to be held. The Maoris before entering the place decked their heads with a plain wreath of leaves, which is emblematic of Maori mourning.

We took our position on a hill overlooking the town, so that we could get a good view of the whole performance. When the natives, who had accompanied us, had formed into a single file, headed by a female, a piteous moan, "*haere mai ki te tangi mo tatai mati*," (meaning: come here and mourn for our dead) announced to the procession to advance to the grave. This cry was responded to by the strangers. For about one

hour the air was rent by horrifying groans, and hands and arms were brandished in every form.

The *tangi* ended, the food was prepared and partaken of. Then came the speeches. In the evening we applied for an opportunity to preach, but the church of England leader refused abruptly. This action caused a discussion which brought out some of the principles of the gospel.

(*To be Continued.*)

GIVING AWAY JIMMIE.

BY MAC.

(*Continued from page 274.*)

ABOUT two years after the time before mentioned, there came one night a rap at Smithies' door, and a plainly-dressed, but very intelligent-looking man entered. He asked to be allowed to rest himself there that night. The cobbler drew him a chair near to the fire and they all did what they could for his comfort. The traveler made known to them that he was a missionary sent out by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and he had the gospel of life and salvation to give to all who would receive it.

His words were received with joy and wonder by this family, and the Elder perceiving that in these poor people he had an audience who were hungering after the things of righteousness, proceeded to explain to them the first principles of the gospel.

Upon the hearts of the cobbler and his wife the words of that Elder fell like a holy healing balm; it seemed like a repetition of rich music and sweet visions they had before seen and heard and had forgotten again. Their conversation lasted till far into the night, and with the early dawn of morn it was resumed again and continued throughout the day; but still the listeners were not filled, they desired to learn still more of the glad tidings that this Elder had traveled thousands of miles to give them.

Jimmie hung upon the words of the missionary like one entranced as he related the visions of the Prophet Joseph, and the wondrous workings of the Almighty through him.

The next day the Elder took his departure promising to return again in a week and baptize the Smithies' family if they continued in their belief. He left some tracts to be distributed among these who felt inclined to hear the gospel.

"Father," said Jimmie one morning, "let me carry some tracts to Mr. McConnell, I'm sure he would like to hear about the Prophet and the Church the Lord has established."

His father consented, and his mother gave him the tracts he desired. He put on his cap and taking his tracts set out upon his errand. He found McConnell standing at his gate talking with two men. He waited respectfully at a distance till the gentlemen had finished speaking, when he approached and raising his cap addressed him: "I've brought you some tracts to read, sir."

McConnell looked at him in surprise and repeated, "Some tracts?"

"Yes, sir; father said I might bring them." And Jimmie commenced to tell of the best of his ability of the Elder's visit to them, when one of the men exclaimed, "He is the man whom I told you I put from my door a week ago. So that is his lurking place is it?"

McConnell was greatly enraged. "And he has found a hearer in Smithies, has he?"

He had heard of this Elder before. He threw the tracts rudely into Jimmie's face, saying, "Begone Jimmie! Don't let me hear of this vile trash again, and don't be a fool, boy, because your father is one."

"My father is no fool," said Jimmie, warmly.

"Well," said McConnell, "when you are grown, Jimmie, you may look well in a white robe; then you may bring your tracts to me and I'll read them, but go now and don't let your father make a booby of you again."

Jimmie walked sadly home; he had learned the lesson that Elders of the Church have to learn who go on missions, that the Spirit of God which warms their bosoms with a heavenly fire and makes plain to them the glorious principles of the gospel, so pure and precious, does not find a place in everyone's heart; but that in many instances the good seed they sow falls on stony ground and gives back no reward for their labor.

The next day Smithies received a notice that he must turn the Elder from his house. McConnell also sent word to him that if he continued to listen to the trash this "worker of mischief" was preaching he would have to find another dwelling place, for he would not allow a "Mormon," he said, to abide under a roof he owned. When the Elder returned to Nottingham, Smithies received him, but did not tell him of the prejudice that had been aroused against him.

McConnell was true to his word. Two days after the Elder's return Smithies' possessions were moved into the street and from thence he moved them to a miserable hovel a few streets distant.

One day the Elder informed Smithies that he was soon to return to Utah, and that some of his friends there had raised a fund by subscription and sent him sufficient to emigrate one person from England, and he might have the benefit of it if he wished.

"Oh, father," cried Jimmie, when it was determined that one of the cobbler's children should accompany the Elder to Utah, "send me will you, please, father?"

So it was settled that Jimmie should go to Utah.

On the morning of Jimmie's departure, as Smithies took the hand of the Elder in token of farewell, he said, "I tried once to give Jimmie away but did not succeed, in consequence of the child's unwillingness to go, but if I am never able to follow him to Utah, which may be the case, I give him cheerfully and willingly to the people of God and to the work of building up His kingdom on the earth."

His words were prophetic, he never came to Utah, but his wife and children came, he died a few months after Jimmie's departure from England. Happy indeed was the meeting between Jimmie and his family. He had grown a head and shoulder taller than he was when they bade him good-bye seven years before.

We will pass over the incidents of a few years of Jimmie's life, though they would make an interesting chapter were they told, and see him now a missionary to England, having been counted worthy to leave home, wife and children to carry the gospel of Christ to his native land, to the town in which he was born and in which he had in his early life seen so much of poverty and distress, and where the sweet gospel truths had first been made known to him when a mere boy. The place was changed but he could recognize many things that had been familiar to his boyish eyes, but no one greeted him that he

had known; he was veritably a stranger in old Nottingham now.

One day his attention was attracted towards an old, gray-headed scissors grinder whom he had often met on the street before, who asked these questions, "Sir, please tell me, is your name Smithies, and do you live in Nottingham?"

"It is," was the answer, "and when I was a boy I lived in these parts, but I do not recognize in your face anything familiar."

"My name is McConnel," said the man, "and if you are Robert Smithies' son, which I take you to be from the resemblance you bear him, you cannot have forgotten me."

"I am Robert Smithies' son. Jimmie they used to call me; I remember you well; I enquired for you when walking through that part where you used to live, but I could get no satisfactory information concerning you."

"No," said McConnel, "that property passed out of my hands many years ago. None of my old friends know me now. My riches have all vanished, I cannot tell how, but they gradually slipped away from me and for several years I have been following this trade to get enough to live on."

"If you will direct me where to find your habitation, I will call upon you," said Elder Smithies.

The old man gave him the number of the street in which he lived, and the next day the Elder found his way into the old man's wretched quarters.

He made known to McConnel his mission to England. The old man raised up his hands, while his eyes swam with tears, and said: "I have been very wretched since the day I turned your father's family into the street for harboring an Elder of your Church, and I repented when it was too late to repair the wrong I did. I prayed that the Elder might again cross my path, but he never came. My life, you see is nearly spent, and it gives me sorrow to know that to me it is entirely lost." And the old man covered his face with his hands and sobbed.

"No," said Elder Smithies, "your life is not lost. McConnel you promised me when I was a child that if I should come to you as a minister when I was a man, you would listen to my teachings, I am through the grace of God, the bearer of the words of life and salvation to the people of this land, and this stream of living waters flows freely to all who will drink of it; therefore even now if you will repent and listen to the voice of God which has been spoken from the heavens you will find eternal life. He cries repentance to all, youth and aged alike, for it is necessary that all should listen to His voice and abide its teachings.

The old man's tears continued to flow as Elder Smithies proceeded to pour into his listening ear the glorious truths of the gospel, and he feasted like a hungry child upon them. From that time he visited the old man frequently and taught him the plan of life and salvation. Finally, when he became thoroughly convinced that he was sincere in his belief and had truly repented, he took him down into the waters of baptism and confirmed him a member of the Church.

Having entered into the new life, McConnel desired to leave England and go to Utah. His fathers for many generations were born and had died in the same shire where he was born and had spent his life, but he desired that his body might rest with the Saints. Elder Smithies secured him a passage with some other Saints on board a vessel bound for the United States. But he never saw America, he died before he reached New York and was buried in the ocean. Jimmie remained in England several years and returned home to wife and friends after having accomplished much in the labor of bringing souls

into the kingdom of God, and is still a highly respected member in the Church.

ANECDOTES OF MISERS.

THE miser is a victim of a depraved passion. It is not luxuries, the power, or the independence of which money can purchase that he loves, but gold itself. The following anecdote shows forth the intensity of the miser's passion:

When Sir William Smith, a wealthy English miser, was, at seventy years of age, deprived of his sight, he felt it to be a terrible affliction. He was persuaded by Taylor, the celebrated oculist, to be couched; who was, by agreement, to have sixty guineas if he restored his patient to any degree of sight.

Taylor succeeded in his operation, and Sir William was enabled to read and write without the aid of spectacles during the rest of his life. But no sooner was his sight restored, than the baronet began to regret that his agreement had been so large a sum; he felt no joy as others would have felt, but grieved and sighed over the loss of his sixty guineas.

His thoughts were on how to cheat the oculist; he pretended that he had only a glimmering, and could see nothing distinctly; for which reason, the bandage on his eyes was continued a month longer than the usual time.

Taylor was deceived by these misrepresentations, and agreed to compound the bargain, and accept twenty guineas instead of sixty. Yet Sir William was an old bachelor, and had no one to care or provide for. At the time Taylor attended him, he had a large estate, an immense sum of money in stocks, and thirty thousand dollars in the house.

When the government desired to borrow a large sum of money from the immensely wealthy miser, Foscue, he refused the loan on the plea of poverty. Fearing, however, that some of his neighbors, among whom he was very unpopular, would report his immense wealth to the government, he applied his ingenuity to discover some effectual way of hiding his gold, should they institute a search to ascertain the truth or falsehood of his plea.

With great care and secrecy, he dug a deep cave in his cellar. To this receptacle for his treasure, he descended by a ladder, and to the trap-door he attached a spring lock, so that, on shutting, it would fasten of itself.

By-and-by the miser disappeared. Inquiries were made, the house searched, woods explored, and the ponds were dragged, but no Foscue could they find; and gossips began to conclude that the miser had fled with his gold to some part where he could be free from the hands of the government.

Some time passed on. The house in which he had lived was sold, and workmen were busily engaged in its repair. In the progress of their work, they met with the door of the secret cave, with the key in the lock outside. They drew back the door, and descended with a light.

The first object upon which the lamp reflected was the ghastly body of Foscue, the miser, and scattered about him were heavy bags of gold and ponderous chests of untold treasure. A candle-stick lay beside him on the floor. The worshiper of mammon had gone into his cave to pay his devoirs to his golden god, and became a sacrifice to his devotion.

The master-piece of knowledge is to know
But what is good, from what is good in show.

THE SPIRIT'S CRY.

WORDS BY J. H. WARD.

Serioso con espressione.

MUSIC BY EDWIN F. PARRY.

*Rit.**A tempo.*

O, my Father whom angels cu - vi - ron, One gift from Thy bounty im - pari; Not for wings nor for sinews of i - ron, I ask but Thy life in my heart. I walk in the darkness and blind - ly, There's no one to teach me the right, E'en my queries none answer me kind - ly— Thou on - ly canst lead me to light.

From Thee I derive my existence;
 To Thee I return at Thy will—
 I but ask Thee for strength and assistance,
 Thy law and my task to fulfill.
 Give me strength, O Strong One and tender,
 The wisdom that comes from above:
 Grief has taught me that none else can render
 What we need for life's labor of love.

In life's sorrows no more I'll be lonely,
 In conflicts no more be afraid,
 I shall triumph, and triumph aye only,
 If Thou wilt but give me Thine aid.
 Let me lean on Thy bosom, O Strong One,
 O, Wise One, I am not afraid,
 For I know that Thou never wilt wrong one
 Of those whom Thy goodness hath made.

THE answer to the Charade published in No. 17 is LOVE AT HOME. Correct solutions have been received from John V. Bluth, Ogden; William Brewer, Hennefer; Anna M. Peterson, Huntsville; Charles A. Workman, Virgin City; Ellen Bishop, Paradise; Charlotte S. Pead, Garden City; Eliza B. Parker, Hooper City; Elizabeth A. Mumford, Sarah McMurrin, C. L. Berry, Salt Lake City.

WE have a number of Enigmas on hand, received from different individuals, which have never appeared in print. Some of these are of considerable merit, but have been withheld from publication on account of the subjects chosen. The names of prominent men of our community, of principal cities in the Territory, etc., have been used repeatedly in forming Enigmas. If those who send us original Enigmas will bear this in mind, and seek to get different subjects for their productions of this character, we will be pleased to publish them.

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